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THE FLOWER OF DEATH.

A Night of Despair and its Joyful Morning.

BY J. F. DAVIDSON.

"You are as good as dead," said the doctor, looking steadily at Anatole. Anatole staggered. He had come to pass a cheerful evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardeais, the savant whose works in poisonous substances are so well and favorably known, but one whose excellence of heart and all most tenderly kindness Anatole had been able to appreciate more than any one. And now all of a sudden, without regard for his feelings, without being prepared to hear it, the terrible prognostic is uttered by so great an authority.

"Unfortunate fellow," continued the doctor, "what have you done?" "Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, greatly troubled.

"Try to recollect. Tell me what you have drunk, what you have eaten and what you have breathed."

The last word spoken by the doctor was a word of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was traveling in India. In this letter had been a flower plucked on the shores of the Ganges by the traveler—a flower, red, warped and of bizarre shape, the odor of which, he remembered well now, had seemed to him strangely penetrating.

Anatole searched in his pocket-book and took therefrom the letter and flower in question, which he showed to the savant.

"Without doubt," exclaimed the doctor, "it is the Pyrameneus Indica—the fatal flower, the flower of death."

"Do you really think so?" "I am sure of it."

"But it is not possible. I am only 25 years old. I feel myself full of life and health."

"When did you open that fatal letter?" "At 9 o'clock this morning."

"Well, tomorrow morning at the same hour, instead at the same moment, you will feel a sharp anguish at the heart, and it will be all over with you."

"And do you not know any remedy, any means of—"

"None," said the doctor, and hiding his face in his hands he sank backward in an armchair, choked with grief.

From the emotion displayed by his old friend, Anatole realized that there was no hope. He departed in a dazed manner.

With beads of cold perspiration on his brow Anatole mused what was the even suspense becoming a bench, he sat down.

The rest he had been struck on the effects of the shock were disappearing and he began now to collect his vagrant thoughts.

"My plight," thought he, "is that of a person condemned to death. Yet I can still hope for mercy. By the way, how much longer have I to live?"

He looked at his watch. It was 11 o'clock. He had time, indeed! To devote the last sad hours of his life to sleep! No. I can certainly do better than that. But, what? Parbleu! I have it. I will draw up my last will and testament."

A restaurant which remained open all night was near by. Anatole entered and sat down.

Waiter, a cup of coffee and a bottle of ink."

He took a slip and looked at his writing paper, reflecting: "To whom shall I leave my 6000 francs income? I have neither father nor mother—a fact which is lucky for them. And among the persons who interest me I can think only of one—Niece."

Niece was one of his forty-second cousins, a charming young girl of 18 years, with fair tresses and large, black eyes. Like himself she was an orphan, and this community of fate had long ago established a bond of sympathy between them. His will was speedily drawn up. He left everything to Niece.

"Poor Niece," thought he. "Her guardian, who knows little of the world except his class, which he teaches to play on brass instruments at the conservatory, has betrothed himself to promise her hand to a brute, a sort of bully, whose she detests, because she loves another, as she has avowed to me, although with reticence and an embarrassed air. Who is this happy mortal? But he must be worthy of her, since she has fixed her affection on him. Good, gentle, comely and affectionate Niece deserves an ideal husband. Ah, how well would she have suited me for a wife. It is an infamous tyranny to spoil her life by giving her to a brute. But why should I not be Niece's champion? I have said it now, and tomorrow morning I will begin to act. But tomorrow morning it will be too late. Now is the time to begin, if at all. The hour is a little late to propose to see people, but as I shall be dead in five hours I don't care a sou for conventionalities. Yes, I'll do it—my life for Niece."

It was 1 o'clock in the morning when Anatole rang the bell at the house of Niece's guardian, M. Bousard. Bally frightened and wearing his night-cap, he answered the door.

"Is the house on fire?" "No, my dear M. Bousard," replied Anatole, "I have come for a chat."

"At this hour?" "I am at all hours pleased to see you; but you are not dressed, M. Bousard. Are you going back to bed again?"

"That's what I am going to do. But—suppose, monsieur, that to disturb me in this manner, you must have something very important to say to me."

"Very important, M. Bousard. It is necessary that you give your plan of marrying my cousin Niece to M. Bousard."

"Never, monsieur, never." "But I say, yes." "Monsieur, my resolution is taken. The marriage will take place."

"It will not."

"We'll see about that. And now that you are acquainted with my answer I will not detain you longer." "That is not altogether polite. But I am as good-humored as I am tenacious, M. Bousard. I am not offended at your procedure, and I will remain. Remember if you like. I consider you as gone, and I will not converse further with you."

And M. Bousard turned toward the wall, grumbling. "Did one ever see the like! To disturb a peaceful man, to rouse him from his sleep, for the purpose of listening to such nonsense."

Suddenly M. Bousard made a bound from his bed.

Anatole had taken up one of the trombones of the professor, into which he blew with might and main, madly moving the silks. Infernal sounds were emitted by the instrument.

"My cherished trombone, given me by my pupils! Leave the instrument alone, monsieur."

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you consider me as departed. I consider you as absent, and I am amusing myself while waiting for your return. Um-pa! Um-pa! What dulcet melody!"

"You will cause me to receive notice to leave the house. My neighbors will not tolerate the trombone after midnight."

"Then all I can say is they have no love of music in their souls. Z-z-z-z! Wow! Tootle-too! Um-pa! Um-pa!"

"Stop, for mercy's sake." "Do you consent, then?" "To what?"

"To give up the marriage." "But monsieur, I can't do it." "Then, um-pa!"

"M. Capendae is a terrible man. If I affront him thus he will kill me." "Does that reason influence you?"

"Yes, and others besides." "In that case leave all to me. Only swear to me that if I obtain the consent of M. Capendae to the breaking of the match my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free." "Bravo. I have your word. Permit me to retire. But where does this Capendae live?"

"Number 100, Rue des Deux-Epees." "I'll go there. Good-by." "As for you," thought M. Bousard, "you are putting your head in the lion's mouth, and you will be taught a lesson that you deserve to learn."

Meanwhile Anatole hastened to find M. Capendae.

"He is a man well defended," thought Anatole.

Finally the door was opened. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentleman with a large, curled mustache, who wore a fencing costume as his night-dress.

"Always ready, you see. It is my invention."

The walls of the ante-chamber were hidden by suits of armor. In the little parlor into which Capendae conducted his visitor he saw only weapons galore; atagathas, poisoned arrows, sabres, one and two-handed swords, pistols, lances; there was plenty there to make a timid heart quail.

"Bah," thought Anatole, "what do I risk now? Two hours and a half at the most. Here goes."

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you are going to marry Mlle. Niece?" "Yes, monsieur."

"Monsieur, you shall not marry her."

"Blood and thunder, and who will hinder me?" "I will."

Capendae looked askance at Anatole, who was not a large man, and who seemed very determined.

"Ah, young man," said he, at length, "you are lucky to find me in a pleasant humor. Profit by it. Do you know that I have fought twenty duels in which I had the misfortune to slay five of my adversaries and to wound the other fifteen? Once more I warn you to retire."

"I see," replied Anatole, "that you are an adversary worthy of my steel, and my desire increases to measure swords with a man so redoubtable. Let us see. Suppose we fight with those two swords by the chimney, or these two cavalry sabres, or these—what do you say to these curved atagathas. You don't decide? Why do you hesitate?"

"I was thinking of your mother and the grief your death would cause her."

"I am an orphan. Do you prefer the carbine, the pistol or the revolver?" "Young man, do not fool with these firearms."

"Are you afraid? You tremble." "I tremble? Nonsense, it is the cold."

"Then either fight or renounce the hand of Niece."

"I like your pluck. The brave should always be in harmony with each other. Do you wish me to confess something to you?"

"I have the consent of M. Capendae. Open, or I will have to break the door."

M. Bousard opened it. Anatole showed him the paper and going to the door of Niece's room called out: "Cousin, rise, dress yourself quickly, and come down."

Some minutes after, Niece, fresh as the dawn, came into the little parlor.

"What is the matter?" she inquired.

"The matter is," answered M. Bousard, "that your cousin is crazy."

"If that be so there is at any rate method in my madness," exclaimed Anatole. "This very night, my dear cousin, I have achieved two things. M. Capendae has renounced his claim to your hand, and your excellent guardian consents that you shall marry whom you please."

"Really and truly, my guardian, am I free to marry Anatole?"

"Ha!" exclaimed Anatole.

"Then, I love you, my cousin."

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat rapidly. Was it by reason of the pleasure which the unexpected avowal of Niece had caused him? Was it the pang predicted by Dr. Bardeais? Was it death?

"Wretch that I am!" exclaimed the poor fellow. "The cup of happiness is at my lips, and I am going to die without tasting it."

Then feverishly taking Niece's hand he told her all; how he had received the letter which contained the flower whose fragrance he had inhaled and of the prognostic of Dr. Bardeais; how he had made his will in her favor, the steps he had subsequently taken, and the success with which his efforts had been crowned.

"And now," sighed he, "I must die."

"But it is impossible," said Niece; "the doctor is deceived. Who is he?" "A man who is never wrong in his diagnosis, Niece—Dr. Bardeais."

"Bardais, Bardais!" cried M. Bousard suddenly, bursting out laughing.

"Hear what the morning paper says: 'The learned Dr. Bardeais has just been suddenly stricken with mental alienation. The man from which he suffers is of a scientific character. It is well known that the doctor made a special study of poisonous substances. He believes now that all whom he meets are poisoned and endeavors to persuade them that such is the case. He was removed at night to the madhouse.'"

"Niece!"

The young couple had rushed into each other's arms and were locked in a fond embrace.

ERIVONS WHO BAR ENGLISH.

Thousands of Native Inhabitants Can't Speak Their Own Language.

Not everybody is aware of the fact that a very considerable percentage of the native-born inhabitants of the Philippines cannot speak English.

Manx is the common spoken tongue of nearly 8,000,000 inhabitants. At that time Welsh was spoken by 1,000,000 persons.

Strangely enough, while in Wales fewer people speak both English and Welsh than in Scotland, in Scotland almost five times as many people use both languages as those who speak Gaelic only, and in Ireland the proportion is still greater, being twenty speaking both to one who is able to speak Irish only.

Manx is spoken in the Isle of Man. The population of the island is 55,598. The people are of Celtic extraction, with an intermixture of Norwegian. The island was under the rule of Norway from 870 to 1263 A. D. Both Manx and English are used in the promulgation of any new law in the island.

The Channel Islands have a population of about 92,000, and the language spoken is French. Thus six languages are used in the British Isles. There it, may be mentioned, a Celtic dialect spoken in Brittany called Breton. It is largely the nature of Welsh, and is the last member of the Celtic group, of which are mentioned above.

Both Mary Queen of Scots and George III were buried at midnight.

Gunpowder dates from A. D. 346, while smokeless gunpowder dates back to 1845.

There is a quick silver mine in Peru 480 feet deep. In this abyss are streets, squares, and a chapel where religious worship is held.

A farmer in Lorain county, Ohio, hung himself recently because a quantity of money which he had buried in his cellar had been ruined by mold.

One of the oldest birds in the world died not long since. It was a parrot belonging to the Prince of Wales, and had lived, it was declared, 125 years.

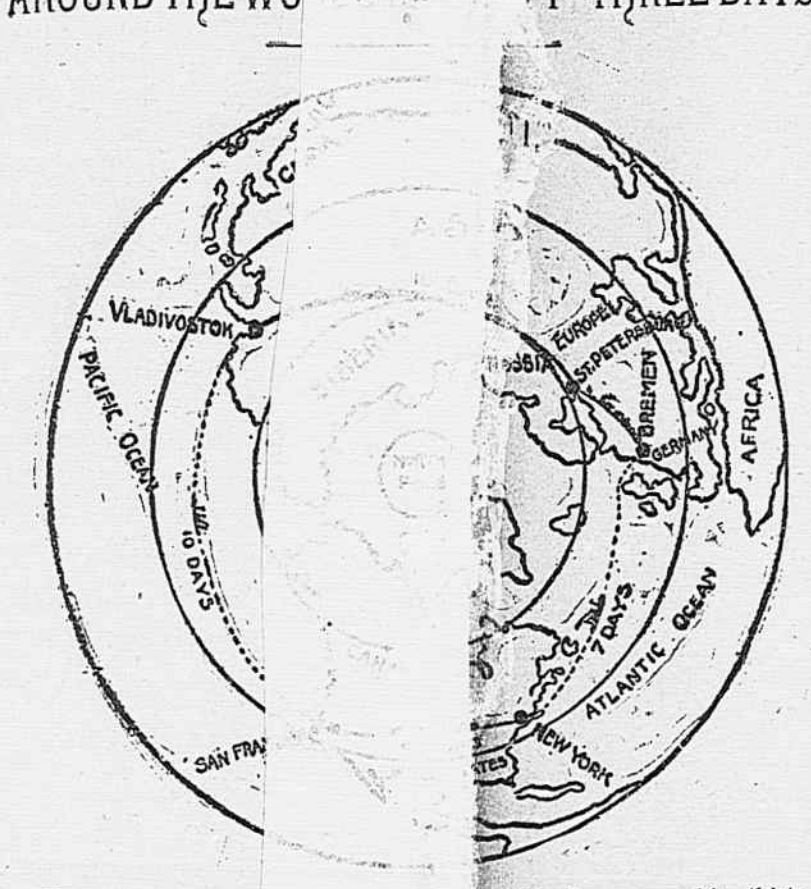
Two Kentucky farmers in a buggy were killed by a train, which smashed the buggy but did not injure the horse that was pulling it nor the horse the men were leading behind it.

A fisherman's trawling net brought up recently, near Cardiganford Lough, Ireland, a lot of law documents missing in Irish Chancery cases. Though much damaged, the papers could be read.

In Fiji there is a curious sea worm which arrives in myriads on the coast on a certain day. The waters are so full of them as to resemble vermicelli soup. After laying their eggs nothing is left of them but empty skins.

Mauwmoth Cave is located in Edmondson county, Ky. It was discovered in 1803 by a Mr. Hutchins while in pursuit of a bear. Its extreme extent is less than ten miles, and the combined length of all the accessible avenues is possibly 150 miles.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS



The world's record for around the world will soon be broken. Prince Hilkoof, of the Russian Empire, is making a record trip around the world, starting from New York and passing through the Pacific, Indian, and Atlantic Oceans, and visiting cities like Vladivostok, Yokohama, and San Francisco.

PRESENT TIME TABLE. Days. New York to Southampton..... 6. Southampton to Yokohama..... 10. Yokohama to San Francisco..... 10. San Francisco to New York..... 45. Total..... 71.

PHILIPPINE TRIBES COMPLETELY ENGLISH. An ethnographic map of the Philippines, showing the distribution of the various tribes, and the progress of civilization.

A simple classification of the Philippine Archipelago's population, showing the progress of civilization, and the progress of civilization.

1. The Moros, or Sulus, (Malays) occupy the southern islands, the southern coast of Mindanao, and the island of Palawan.

2. The Tagals, Tagalogs, (Roman Catholic Malays), occupy the northern and central islands, and the northern coast of Mindanao.

3. The Iloanos, Iloanos, (Roman Catholic Malays), occupy the central islands, and the central coast of Mindanao.

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tion of the archipelago, by herds of Asiatics coming from the Malay Peninsula by way of Zorneo—the first incursion being led by Tagals, and the second by Visayans. The third and last wave of Malay invasion culminated about the middle of the sixteenth century, not far from the time when the Spaniards arrived upon the scene and established themselves in the Visayas and Luzon.

The editor of the Dictionnaire de Geographie Universelle estimates the total population of the archipelago at about 9,000,000, but fails to give convincing reasons for this opinion. In view of the statements which have been repeated day after day for the last ten months, that the Philippines support a population of 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 persons, it may not seem that our question is too pointed if we ask, How is this information derived? A little scrutiny of figures given in the foregoing paragraphs will show that perhaps 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 have been accounted for.

Within a limited area, conditions which allow half a million of people to live by hunting are not usually such as to allow 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 more to live by agriculture and commerce. Why, then, does it seem probable that the population of the Philippines is so dense? How has it been possible to secure trustworthy information on this head?—Marrion Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.

An American Girl's Romance. The news that the Viscountess Deerehurst has just given birth to a son and her recalls her strange but romantic history.

"What good are they?" asked the stableman, who had never seen the animals.

"Good?" repeated the boy, "why, it's fun catching 'em, and I can sell the eyes and pen for fifty cents. Jest look at 'em, will you! and, digging his feet into the reluctant broncho, he urged him into the surf, where, reaching down, he hooked on to something. A big wave splashed over his back, drenching him from head to foot, but he held on to the squid, and the broncho, though visibly alarmed at the hideous-looking creature, dragged it out high and dry on the beach, where it lay pumping ink and water, its long arms coiling about like snakes.

After various excursions into the surf the boy, having with the aid of the stableman hauled the animals above high-water mark, began to secure his treasures. Each squid had a pen—long, oval-pointed, translucent object, the model of a huge pen and holder eighteen or twenty inches in length. This was found extending from the tip of the tail to the neck of the animal, and served as a support, something like a backbone. But the squid is a squid, not a backboneed animal. Next the huge eyes were taken out and the eyeball secured, which, after drying, resembled a pearl almost as large as a marble. Then the young fisherman produced a bag of

history. As is known, the young Viscountess occupies an enviable position in English society. She has been twice received by Queen Victoria, and she has won many friends by her charming personality. She was first known to English society as Miss Virginia Bonyne, the daughter of C. W. Bonyne, a California millionaire. Virginia Bonyne became the inti-

mate of the young man who had just given birth to a son and her recalls her strange but romantic history.

There is an atmosphere of boisterous life about the youth of Cronwell, and royalist writers represent him as a terror to his neighbors. "He threw himself into a dissolute and disorderly course of life," says Sir William Dugdale, "being more famous for football, cricket, egg-digging, and wrestling than for study." But football and cricket are not unparadiseable sins in a youth, even if we add to them the further accusations of his enemies, that he was of a rough and blustering temper, unable to endure contradiction, and always ready to make those who objected to his words and ways feel the weight of his quarter-staff. If he really was of such a disposition, his early reformation was very creditable to him, for soon after he was twenty years of age the admonitions and exhortations of his mother—then a widow—prevailed over all other seduction. His sudden reformation drew on him a charge of hypocrisy, but the abrupt and absolute change of his life was only the natural consequences of an iron will that, having once determined on a change, makes it without hesitation, and with a thoroughness leaving nothing for future regret.—Amelia Barr, in Harper's Magazine.

The Fate of American Rulers. Assassination of royal rulers seems to have been introduced into America in the first decades of this century, and the first to fall was a black man, Desalines, who for a while had masqueraded under the title of emperor and was killed by his troops in 1806. The next to die was his successor, Christophe, sometimes called the first black king in America and who was crowned by a executive. He ran the guant of royalty and then committed suicide to avoid death at the hands of his enemies, shooting himself with a silver bullet. He was the eminent creator of those now degenerate scions of nobility who are ancestors sported the titles of dukes and counts of Marmalade and Lemonade. As "Saint Henry" he now rests secure of fame in the Haytian chronicles. It became the custom, after that, to depose a Haytian ruler by the powder and pointed route, so that the chronicle becomes tiresome of those who took that means of exit.—New York Telegram.

An Anecdote of Tennyson. The poet Tennyson was gifted with the grace of humility. His letters disclose his disinterested action with himself and his achievements. He pitched his ideals high, and he knew none more clearly, when he failed to grasp what he had reached after. An anecdote contributed by the Duke of Argyll and quoted by Miss Cary in her volume, "Tennyson," exhibits the poet's humility.

"The first words I heard him utter," says the Duke, "remain indelibly impressed upon my memory. On being introduced to him at an evening party in the house of Lord John Russell, I said, perhaps with some emotion: 'I am so glad to see you!'"

"Not in the tone or voice of mere conventional civility, but in accents of sincere humility," he answered: "You won't find much in me after all."

Some German Naval Titles. The names of some of the officials in the German navy would tangle the tongue of an American officer, and the Emperor is trying to simplify them. For example, a frigate captain was formerly known as a "korvetten-kapitan-mit-oberslieutenanzrang." There is an officer on the list of the German navy known as the "marine-kassensinspector," whose duties are to inspect the marines, while the chief inspector of marines is known simply as a "marineinspektor." Imagine the Admiral calling for that officer in the midst of a battle.

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. The design for the emblem of the Pan-American Exposition, to be held Buffalo, N. Y., in 1901, has been awarded the first prize. It follows the outlines of the map and shows South America as stretching up her hand to North America.

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ODD FISHING IN CALIFORNIA.

Boy Angles on Heronback and Gets Pon and Ink From Fishes.